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they were seen to be so; and that not only the mechanical relations of the larger masses, but of the smaller members also, were displayed. Hence, we cannot admit as an origin or anticipation of the Gothic, a style in which this principle is not manifested. I do not see in any of the representations of the early Arabic buildings, that distribution of weights to supports, and that mechanical consistency of parts which would elevate them above the character of barbarous architecture. Their masses are broken into innumerable members, without subordination or meaning, in a manner suggested apparently by caprice and the love of the marvellous. 'In the construction of their mosques, it was a favor-

ite artifice of the Arabs to sustain immense and ponderous masses of stone by the support of pillars so slender, that the incumbent weight seemed, as it were, suspended in the air by an invisible hand.'—(Mahometanism Unveiled, ii. 255.) This pleasure in the contemplation of apparent impossibilities is a very general disposition among mankind; but it appears to belong to the infancy rather than the maturity of intellect. On the other hand, the pleasure in the contemplation of what is clear, the craving for a thorough insight into the reasons of things, which marks the European mind, is the temper which leads to science."—*Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences*, Vol. I. page 260.

#### NOTES HERE AND THERE.

"THE READER" speaks the following sensible words, which all of us who are trying to establish the right sort of criticism in this country, will do well to read. We by no means quote it as wishing to cast a stone at anybody; we fear our own house has too many windows to make the experiment a safe one.

"While noticing the works of the younger painters, we cannot refrain from confessing a regret that it is the fashion in England to accept any successful effort on their part as a thoroughly accomplished performance. We can recall many instances of young men who, after having been too hastily invested with honours, have failed to realize the anticipation of well-meaning friends, and after a season or two have sunk into comparative oblivion. The press has much to answer for in this matter. Two or three years since, a severe onslaught was made upon the hanging committee of the year for a disposition of the pictures which was neither better nor worse than that of

previous or subsequent exhibitions; only it so happened that the works of young painters which stood well in the eye of the critic had been either indifferently hung or rejected. The works of some of these painters are hung in most favourable situations in the present exhibition; but we observe that current criticism has either altered its tone, or maintains a decorous silence respecting them. The French press, which is a far more efficient organ of criticism than our own, is, at the same time, the mouth-piece of a better-informed public, and instead of confounding originality with eccentricity, and mistaking promise of good work for good work itself, detects the signs of culture in a young painter's picture, and applauds his success; but forbears, on the strength of a single performance, to indicate the artist's position among his brethren. With us the press, the public, and the dealers combine to make the position of a successful young painter more difficult to maintain, through an exaggerated estimate of his merits."

HAPPENING to be on Staten Island the other day, and, stopping at Eltingville Station, we were surprised to see a new church that had sprung up in the most extempore manner since our last visit, only a few weeks before. It is an Episcopal Church, and we believe Mr. Upjohn designed it, although, as usual, nobody could be found who really knew who was the architect.

We presume that Mr. Upjohn does not think this little edifice of any great importance. But we do. For, in the first place, it is a sensible, convenient building, built, we should think, in the very cheapest way, thoroughly well constructed, and with a very pretty result. And in the second place, here is a congregation that has actually been willing to build such a church; cheap to begin with, not pretending to be more costly than it is, constructive, and pretty. Small as it is, cheap, mean, as some would call it, it is a good deal better architecture than Trinity Church, and we presume nobody knows this better than Mr. Upjohn. What we need is, architects who can design small houses and small churches that shall be well built, cheap and pretty; we want furniture on the same principle; but, as it is, both architects and cabinet-makers do all they can to foster extravagance and expenditure. They breed luxury, just as lawyers do quarrels.

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MR. KNOEDLER has received a number of interesting pictures lately, and is expecting more. A very beautiful Tissot—"Margaret and Faust in the Garden"—will make many Americans acquainted

for the first time with a great modern master. The only picture of Tissot's that has been brought to this country before the one in Mr. Knoedler's gallery is one of "Margaret by the Fountain," at Mr. S. P. Avery's rooms. But powerful as that is, it is surpassed in interest, we think, by this one. The exquisite clearness and truth of the details, and the sympathy of the artist with the tenderness and delicacy of Margaret's character, which has made her the subject of so many of his pictures, must interest all those who are not deterred by his strong individuality of manner from looking closely at his work.

We shall have pictures enough this winter to keep us busy, if all the promises that have been made are kept. There will be the Artists' Fund Exhibition, which is to be held in the New Academy; and there is a collection of French and English pictures on the way from over seas, which we are to see, we believe, in November. Meanwhile, Mr. Knoedler has pictures worth seeing, and will have, all the winter; and Mr. Schaus has now and then one which is a relief to his too-much Germanism. He has just now a really bewitching bit of Toulmouche's work—a young girl playing solitaire—which we have taken great delight in. Toulmouche is a clever portrayer of character; wonderful as are his silks and satins, his faces are always worth as much or more. There is a specimen of him at Knoedler's which is cruelly true; a tint from the many-colored woof of modern European life, a pure bit of comedy which will be tragic enough for one of the parties before all is done.